¶ A Ryght
Pithy, Pleaſaunt and merie Comedie: Intytuled *Gammer gurtons Nedle*: Played on Stage, not longe a go in Chriſtes *Colledge in Cambridge.*

Made by Mr. S. Mr. of Art.

Imprented at London in
Fleeteſtreat beneth the Conduit at the ſigne of S. John
Euangeliſt by Thomas Colwell.

PHOT of HEH 6955-7

¶ The names of the Speakers in this Comedie.

¶ Diccon the Bedlem.
¶ Hodge Gammer Gurtons ſeruante.
¶ Tyb Gammer Gurtons mayde.
¶ Gammer Gurton.
¶ Docke Gammer Gurtons boye.
¶ Dame Chatte,
¶ Doctor Rat the Curate.
¶ Mayſter Baylye.
¶ Doll Dame Chattes mayde.
¶ Scapethryft mayſt Beylies ſeruante.

¶ *Mutes.*

¶ God Saue the Queene.

¶ The Prologue.

As Gāmer Gurton, with manye a wyde ſtyche
Sat pesynge & patching of Hodgher mās briche
By chance or miſfortune as ſhee her grare toſt
In Hodge lether bryches her needle ſhee loſt,
When Diccon the bedlem had hard by report
That good Gāmer Gurton was robde in thys ſorte,
He quyetly perſwaded with her in that ſtound
Dame Chat her deare goſſyp this needle had found,
Yet knew ſhee no more of this matter (alas)
Then knoeth Tom our clarke what the Prieſt ſaith at maſſe
Here of there enſued ſo fearfull a fraye,
Mas Doctor was ſent for theſe goſſyps to ſtaye,
Becauſe he was Curate, and eſtemed full wyſe
Who found that he ſought not, by Diccons deuice,
When all thinges were tombled and cleane out of faſſion
Whether it were by fortune, or ſome other conſtellacion
Sodenlye the neele Hodge found by the prickynge
And drew it out of his buttocke where he felt it ſtickynge
Theyr hartes then at reſt with perfect ſecurytie,
With a pot of good nale they ſtroake vp theyr plauditie.

¶ The fyrſt Acte. The fyrſt Sceane.

¶ Diccon.

Diccon Many a myle haue I walked, diuers and ſundry waies
And many a good mās houſe haue I bin at in my daies
Many a goſſips cup in my tyme haue I taſted
And many a broche and ſpyt, haue I both turned and baſted
Many a peece of bacon haue I had out of thir balkes
In ronnyng ouer the countrey, with long and were walkes,
Yet came my foote neuer, within thoſe doore cheekes,
To ſeeke fleſh or fyſh, Garlyke, Onyons or Leekes,
That euer I ſaw a ſorte, in ſuch a plyght
As here within this houſe appereth to my ſyght,
There is howlynge and ſcowlyng all caſt in a dampe,

With whewling and pewling, as though they had loſt a trump
Syghing and ſobbing, they weepe and they wayle
I maruell in my mynd, what the deuill they ayle
The olde Trot ſyts groning, with alas and alas,
And Tib wringes her hauds, and takes on in worſe caſe
With poore Cocke theyr boye, they be dryuen in ſuch fyts
I feare mee the folkes be not well in theyr wyts,
Aſke them what they ayle, or who brought them in this ſtaye?
They aunſwer not at all, but alacke and welaway
Whan I ſaw it booted not, out at doores I hyed mee
And caught a ſlyp of Bacon, when I ſaw that none ſpyed mee,
Which I intend not far hence, vnles my purpoſe fayle
Shall ſerue for a ſhoinghorne to draw on two pots of ale.

¶ The fyrſt Acte. The ſecond Sceane.

Hodge. **Diccon.**

Hodge SEe ſo cham arayed with dablynge in the durt
She that ſet me to ditchinge, ich wold ſhe had the ſqurt
Was neuer poore ſoule that ſuch a life had?
Gogs bones thys vylthy glaye haſe dreſt mee to bad
Gods ſoule, ſee how this ſtuffe teares
Iche were better to bee a Bearward and ſet to keepe Beares
By the Maſſe here is a gaſhe, a ſhamefull hole in deade
And one ſtytch teare furder, a man may thruſte in his heade.
Diccon ¶ By my fathers ſoule Hodge, if I ſhulde now beſworne
I can not chuſe but ſay thy breech is foule be torne,
But the next remedye in ſuch a caſe and hap
Is to plaunche on a piece, as brode as thy cap.
Hodge ¶ Gogs ſoule man, tis not yet two dayes fully ended
Synce my dame Gurton (chem ſure) theſe breches amended,
But cham made ſuce a drudge to trudge at euery neede
Chwold rend it though it were ſtitched with ſturdy pacthreede,
Diccon ¶ Hoge, let thy breeches go, and ſpeake and tell mee ſoone
What deuill ayleth gāmer gurton, & Tib her mayd to frowne,
Hodge ¶ Tuſh man thart deceyued, tys theyr dayly looke,
They coure ſo ouer ye coles, theyr eyes be bleard with ſmooke,
Diccon ¶ Nay by the maſſe, I perfectly perceiued as I came hether

That eyther Tib & her dame hath ben by the eares to gether
Or els as great a matter as thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee.
Hodge ¶ Now iche beſeeche our Lord they neuer better agree.
Diccon ¶ By gogs ſoule there they ſyt as ſtill as ſtones in the ſtreite
As though they had ben takē with fairies or els wͭ ſome il ſprite
Hodge ¶ Gogs hart, I durſt haue layd my cap to a crowne
Chwould lerne of ſome prancome as ſone as ich came to town.
Diccon ¶ Why Hodge art thou inſpyred? or dedſt thou therof here?
Hodge ¶ Nay, but ich ſaw ſuch a wonder as ich ſaw nat this .vii. yere
Tome Tannkards Cow (be gogs bones) ſhe ſet me vp her ſaile
And flynging about his halfe aker fyſking with her taile,
As though there had ben in her ars a ſwarme of Bees,
And chad not cryed tphrowh hoore, ſhead lept out of his Lees.
Diccon ¶ Why Hodg lies the connyng in Tom tankards cowes taile?
Hodge ¶ Well ich chaue hard ſome ſay ſuch tokens do not fayle,
But caſt yͤ not till in faith Diccon, why ſhe frownes or wher at
Hath no man ſtolne her Ducks or Henes, or gelded gyb her Cat
Diccon ¶ What deuyll can I tell man, I cold not haue one word
They gaue no more hede to my talk then thou woldſt to a lorde
Hodge ¶ Iche can not ſtyll but muſe, what meruaylous thinge it is
Chyll in and know my ſelfe what matters are amys.
Diccon. ¶ Then farewell hodge a while, ſynce thou doeſt inward haſt,
For I will into the good wyfe Chats, to feele how the ale dooth taſte.

¶ The fyrſt Acte. The thyrd Sceane.

¶ Hodge. Tyb.

Hodge Cham agaſt by the maſſe, ich wot not what to do
Chad nede bleſſe me well before ich go them to
Perchaunce ſome felon ſprit may haunt our houſe indeed,
And then chwere but at noddy to venter where cha no neede
Tib, ¶ Cham worſe then mad by the maſſe to be at this ſtaye
Cham chyd, cham blamd, and beaton all thoures on the daye,
Lamed and hunger ſtorued, prycked vp all in Iagges
Hauyng no patch to hyde my backe, ſaue a few rotten ragges.
Hodge ¶ I ſay Tyb, if thou be Tyb, as I trow ſure thou bee,
What deuyll make a doe is this, betweene our dame and thee.
Tyb. ¶ Gogs breade Hodg thou had a good turne thou warte not here this whyle.

It had ben better for ſome of vs to haue ben hence a myle
My Gammer is ſo out of courſe, and frantyke all at ones
That Cocke our boy, & I poore wench, haue felt it on our bones.
Hodge ¶ What is the matter, ſay on Tib wherat ſhe taketh ſo on.
Tyb. ¶ She is vndone ſhe ſayth (alas,) her ioye and life is gone
If ſhe here not of ſome comfort, ſhe is ſayth but dead
Shall neuer come within her lyps, one inch of meate ne bread.
Hodge ¶ Byr Ladie cham not very glad, to ſee her in this dumpe
Cholde a noble her ſtole hath fallen, & ſhee hath broke her rumpe
Tyb. ¶ Nay and that were the worſt, we wold not greatly care
For burſting of her huckle bone, or breakyng of her Chaire,
But greatter, greater, is her grief, as hodge we ſhall all feele.
Hodge ¶ Gogs woundes Tyb, my gammer has neuer loſt her Neele?
Tyb. ¶ Her Neele.
Hodge ¶ Her Neele?
Tib, ¶ Her neele by him that made me, it is true Hodge I tell thee.
Hodge ¶ Gogs ſacrament, I would ſhe had loſt, tharte out of her bellie
The Deuill or els his dame, they ought her ſure a ſhame
How a murryon came this chaunce, (ſay Tib) vnto our dame?
Tyb ¶ My gāmer ſat her downe on her pes, & bad me reach thy bree-
And by & by, a vengeāce in it or ſhe had take two ſtitches (ches
To clap a clout vpon thine ars, by chaunce a ſyde ſhe leares
And gyb our cat in the milke pan, ſhe ſpied ouer head and eares
Ah hore, out theſe, ſhe cryed aloud, & ſwapt the breches downe
Up went her ſtaffe, and out leapt gyb, at doors into the towne
And ſynce that time was neuer wyght, cold ſet their eies vpō it
Gogs maliſon chaue Cocke and I, byd twenty times light on it.
Hodge ¶ And is not thē my breches ſewid vp, to morow yͭ I ſhuld were
Tyb ¶ No in faith hodge thy breeches lie for al this neuer the nere.
Hodge ¶ Now a vēgeance light on al yͤ ſort, yͭ better ſhold haue kept it,
The cat, the houſe, and tib our maid, yͭ better ſhold haue ſwept it
Se where ſhe cōmeth crawling, come on in twenty deuils way
Ye haue made a fayre daies worke, haue you not? pray you ſay.

¶ The fyrſt Acte. The .iiii. Sceane.

¶ Gammer. Hodge. Tyb. Cocke.

Gāmer ALas hoge, alas. I may well curſſe and ban

This

This daie that euer I ſaw it,with gyb and the mylke pan
For theſe and ill lucke to gather, as knoweth Cocke my boye
Haue ſtacke away my deare neele,and robd me of my ioye
My fayre longe ſtraught neele that was myne onely treaſure
The fyrſt day of my ſorow is,and laſt end of my pleaſure.
Hodge ¶ Might ha kept it when ye had it, but fooles will be fooles ſtyll,
Loſe that is vaſt in your handes,ye neede not but ye will.
Gãmer ¶ Go hie thee tib,and run thou hoore,to thend here of the towne
Didſt cary out duſt in thy lap,ſeeke wher thou porest it downe
And as thou ſaweſt me roking,in the aſſhes where I morned
So ſee in all the heape of duſt,thou leaue no ſtraw vnturned.
Tyb ¶ That chal gammer ſwythe and tyte, and ſone be here agayne,
Gãmer ¶ Tib ſtoope & loke downe to ẏ ground to it, & take ſome paine.
Hodge ¶ Here is a prety matter,to ſee this gere how it goes
By gogs ſoule I thenk you wold loes your ars,and it were looſe
Your neele loſt, it is pitie you ſhold lack care and endleſſe ſorow
Gogs deth how ſhall my breches be ſewid,ſhall I go thus to mo
Gãmer ¶ Ah hodg,hodg,if that ich cold find my neele by the reed (row
Chould ſow thy breches ich promiſe ẏ,ẇ full good double threed
And ſet a patch on either knee,ſhuld laſt this monethes twaine
Now god & good Saint Sithe I praye,to ſend it home againe.
Hodge ¶ Wherto ſerued your hands & eies, but this your neele to kepe
What deuill had you els to do,ye kept ich wot no ſheepe
Cham faine abrode to dyg and delue,in water,myre and claye
Soſſing and poſſing in the durte,ſtyll from day to daye
A hundred thinges that be abrode,cham ſet to ſee them weele
And foure of you ſyt idle at home,and can not kepe a neele.
Gãmer ¶ My neele alas ich loſt it hodge,what time ich me vp haſted
To ſaue the milke ſet vp for the, which gib our cat hath waſted
Hodge ¶ The Deuill he burſt both gib,and Tib,with all the reſt
Cham alwayes ſure of the worſt end,who euer haue the beſt
Where ha you ben fidging abrode,ſince you your neele loſt
Gãmer ¶ Within the houſe,and at the dore,ſitting by this ſame poſt
Wher I was loking a long howre,before theſe folks came here,
But welaway,all was in vayne,my neele is neuer the nere.
Hodge ¶ Set me a candle,let me ſeeke and grope where euer it bee
Gogs hart ye be ſo foliſh(ich thinke) you knowe it not when you
Gãmer ¶ Come hether Cocke,what Cocke I ſay. (it ſee
Cocke. ¶ Howe Gammer.

Gāmer ¶Goe hye thee ſoone, and grope behynd the old braſſe pan,
Whych thing when thou haſt done
Ther ſhalt thou fynd an old ſhooe, wher in if thou looke well
Thou ſhalt fynd lyeng an inche of a whyte tallow candell,
Lyght it, and brynge it tite awaye.
Cocke. ¶That ſhalbe done anone.
Gāmer ¶Nay tary hodg til thou haſt light, and then weele ſeke ech one.
Hodge ¶Cum away ye horſon boy, are ye a ſlepe: ye muſt haue a crier.
Cocke. ¶Ich cannot get the candel light here is almoſt no fier. (eares
Hodge ¶Chil hold the a peny chil make yͤ come if yͭ ich may catch thine
Art deffe thou horſon boy? cocke I ſay, why canſt not heares.
Gāmer ¶Beate hym not Hodge but help the boy and come you two to-
(gether.

The.i. Acte. The.v. Sceane.

¶Gammer. ¶Tyb, ¶Cocke. ¶Hodge.

Gāmer How now Tyb, quycke lets here, what newes thou haſt
brought hether.
Tyb. ¶Chaue toſt and tumbled yender heap our & ouer againe
And winowed it through my fingers, as mē wold winow grain
Not ſo much as a hens tord but in pieces I tare it
Or what ſo euer clod or clay I found, I did not ſpare it
Lokyng within and eke without, to fynd your neele (alas)
But all in vaine and without help, your neele is where it was.
Gāmer ¶Alas my neele we ſhall neuer meete, adue, adue for aye.
Tyb. ¶Not ſo gammer, we myght it fynd if we knew where it laye.
Cocke. ¶Gogs croſſe Gammer if ye will laugh looke in but at the doore
And ſee how Hodg lieth tomblynge and toſſing amids the floure
Rakyng there ſome fayre to find amonge the aſſhes dead
Where there is not one ſparke, ſo byg as a pyns head,
At laſt in a darke corner two ſparkes he thought he ſees
Which where indede nonght els but Gyb our cats two eyes
Puffe quod hodg thinking therby to haue fyre without doubt
With that Gyb ſhut her two eyes, & ſo the fyre was out
And by and by them opened, euen as they were before,
With that the ſparkes appered euen as they had done of yore,
And euen as hodge blew the fire as he did thincke
Gyb as ſhe felt the blaſt ſtrayght way began to wyncke,

Tyll Hodge fell of ſwering, as came beſt to his turne,
The tier was ſure bewicht, and therfore wold not burne:
At laſt Gyb vp the ſtayers, among the old poſtes and pinnes,
And Hodge he hied him after till broke were both his ſhinnes:
Curſynge and ſwering othes, were neuer of his makyng,
That Gyb wold fyre the houſe, if that ſhee were not taken.

Gāmer ¶ See here is all the thought that the foolyſh Vrchyn taketh,
And Tyb me thinke at his elbowe almoſt as mery maketh
This is all the wyt ye haue when others make their mone,
Come downe Hodge, where art thou and let the Cat alone.

Hodge ¶ Gogs harte, help and come vp, Gyb in her tayle hath fyre,
And is like to burne all if ſhee get a lytle hier:
Cum downe (quoth you,) nay then you might count me a patch,
The houſe cometh downe on your heads if it take ons yͤ thatch.

Gāmer ¶ It is the cats eyes foole that ſhineth in the darke.

Hodge ¶ Hath the Cat do you thinke in euery eye a ſparke.

Gāmer ¶ No, but they ſhyne as lyke fyre as euer man ſee.

Hodge ¶ By the maſſe and ſhe burne all, youſh beare the blame for mee

Gāmer ¶ Cum downe & help to ſeeke here our neele that it were found
Downe Tyb on thy knees I ſay, downe Cocke to the ground.
To God I make a vowe, and ſo to good Saint Anne
A candell ſhall they haue a peece, get it where I can,
If I may my neele find in one place or in other.

Hodge ¶ Now a vengeaunce on gib lyght, on gyb and gybs mother
And all the generacyon of Cats both far and nere
Looke on the ground horſon thinks thou the neele is here.

Cocke. ¶ By my trouth gammer me thought your neele here I ſaw
But when my fyngers toucht it, I felt it was a ſtraw.

Tyb ¶ See Hodge whats tys, may it not be within it,

Hodge ¶ Breake it foole with thy hand and ſee and thou canſt fynde it,

Tyb ¶ Nay breake it you Hodge accordyng to your word.

Hodge ¶ Gogs ſydes, fye it ſtyncks: it is a Cats tourd,
It were well done to make thee eate it by the maſſe.

Gāmer ¶ This matter amendeth not my neele is ſtil where it waſſe
Our candle is at an ende let vs all in quight
And come another tyme, when we haue more lyght

The ii. Acte. Fyrſte a Songe.

¶ Backe and ſyde go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hande go colde:
But Bellye god ſende thee good ale ynoughe,
whether it be newe or olde.

I Can not eate, but lytle meate,
my ſtomacke is not good:
But ſure I thinke, that I can drynke
with him that weares a hood.
Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde:
I ſtuffe my ſkyn, ſo full within,
of ioly good Ale and olde.
Backe and ſyde go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hand go colde:
But belly god ſend the good ale inoughe
whether it be new or olde.

I loue no roſt, but a nut browne toſte
and a Crab layde in the fyre,
A lytle bread, ſhall do me ſtead
much breade I not deſyre:
No froſte nor ſnow, no winde I trowe
can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am ſo wrapt, and throwly lapt
of ioly good ale and olde.
Backe and ſyde go bare. &c.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe
loueth well good ale to ſeeke,
Full ofte drynkes ſhee, tyll ye may ſee
the teares run downe her cheekes:
Then dooth ſhe trowle, to mee the bowle
euen as a mault worme ſhuld,
And ſayth ſweete hart, I tooke my part
of this ioly good ale and olde.
Backe and ſyde go bare. &c.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,
euen as good felowes ſhoulde doe
They ſhall not myſſe, to haue the bliſſe,
good ale doth bringe men to:
And all poore ſoules that haue ſcowred boules
or haue them luſtely trolde,
God ſaue the lyues, of them and theyr wyues
whether they be yonge or olde.
Backe and ſyde go bare. &c.

The fyrſt Sceane. ¶Diccon. Hodge.

Diccon WEll done be Gogs malt, well ſonge and well ſayde,
Come on mother Chat as thou art true mayde,
One freſh pot of ale lets ſee to make an ende
Agaynſt this colde wether, my naked armes to defende,
This gere it warms the ſoule, now wind blow on the worſt,
And let vs drink and ſwill, till that our bellies burſte
Now were he a wyſe man, by cunnynge colde defyne
Which way my Iourney lyeth or where Dyccon will dyne
But one good turne I haue, be it by nyght or daye
South, Eaſt, North or weſt, I am neuer out of my waye.
Hodge ¶Chym goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you thyncke?
Chad a goodly dynner for all my ſweate and ſwyncke,
Neyther butter cheeſe, mylke onyons fleſhe nor fyſhe
Saue thys poor pece of barly bread, tis a pleaſant coſtly diſhe.
Diccon ¶Haile fellow Hodge & will to fare, wͭ thy meat, if yͧ haue any!
But by thy wordes as I thē ſmelled, thy daintrels be not manye.
Hodge ¶Daintrels diccō (gogs ſoule mā(ſaue this pece of dry horſbred,
Cha byt no byt this lyue longe daie, no crome come in my hed
My gutts they yawle crawle and all my belly rumbleth
The puddynges can not lye ſtill, ech one ouer other tumbleth
By gogs harte cham ſo vexte, and in my belly pende (ende.
Chould one peece were at the ſpittlehouſe another at yͤ caſtels
Diccon ¶Why hodge, was there none at home thy dinner for to ſet:
Hodge ¶Godgs bread Diccon ich came to late, was nothing ther to get
Gib (a fowle feind might on her light (lickt yͤ milke pan ſo clene
See Diccon, twas not ſo well waſht this .vii. yere as ich wene
A peſtilence lyght on all ill lucke, chad thought yet for all thys

Of a morſell of bacon behynde the dore at worſt ſhuld not miſſe,
But when ich ſought a ſlyp to cut, as ich was wont to do
Gogs ſoule Diccon, gyb our Cat had eate the bacon to.
Which bacon Diccon ſtole, as is declared before.
Diccon ¶ Ill luck quod he, mary ſwere it hodg, this day yͤ trueth to tel
Thou roſe not on thy right ſyde, or els bleſt thee not wel.
Thy mylk ſlopt vp, thy bacõ filched, that was to bad luck hodg.
Hodge ¶ Nay, nay, ther was a fowler fault, my gãmer ga me yͤ dodge
Seeſt not how chã rent & torn, my heels, my knees & my breech
Chad thought as ich ſat by the fire, help here & there a ſtitch,
But there ich was powpte indeede.
Diccon ¶ Why Hodge?
Hodge ¶ Bootes not man to tell,
Cham ſo dreſt amonſt a ſorte of fooles, chad better be in hell,
My gammer (cham aſhamed to ſay) by god ſerued me not weele
Diccon ¶ How ſo Hodge?
Hodge ¶ Haſe ſhe not gone trowest now and loſt her neele.
Diccon ¶ Her Eele Hodge, who fyſht of late? that was a dainty dyſh.
Hodge ¶ Tuſh tuſh, her neele, her neele, her neele man.
(tys neyther fleſh nor fyſh.
A lytle thing with an hole in the end, as bright as any ſyller,
Small, longe, ſharpe at the poynt, & ſtraight as any pyller.
Diccon ¶ I know not what a deuil yͧ mẽeſt, yͧ bringſt me more in doubt
Hodge ¶ Knoweſt not wͭ what tom tailers mã, ſits broching throughe a
A neele, neele, a neele, my gammers neele is gone. (clout
Diccon ¶ Her neele Hodge, now I ſmel thee, yͭ was a chaunce alone,
By yͤ maſſe yͧ hadſt a ſhamefull loſſe, & it wer but for thy breches
¶ Gogs ſoule man chould giue a crown chad it but iii. ſtitches.
Hodge ¶ How ſayeſt yͧ Hodg, what ſhuld he haue, again thy neele got
Diccon ¶ Bem vathers ſoule, and chad it chould giue him a new grot.
Hodge ¶ Canſt thou keepe counſaile in this caſe.
Diccon ¶ Els chwold my thonge were out.
Hodge ¶ Do than but then by my aduiſe, & I will fetch it wͭout doubt,
Diccon ¶ Chyll runne, chyll ryde, chyll dygge, chyl delue,
Hodge (chill toyle, chill trudge ſhalt ſee:
Chill hold chil drawe, chil pull, chill pynche
(chill kneele on my bare knee.
Chill ſcrape, chill ſcratche, chill ſyfte, chyll ſeeke,
(chill bowe, chill bende, chill ſweate.

Chil ſtoop, chil ſtur, chil cap chil knele, chil crepe on hãds & feete
Chil be thy bondman Diccon, ich ſweare by ſunne and moone
And channot ſum what to ſtop this gap, cham vtterly vndone
Pointing behind to his torne breeches.

Diccon ¶ Why, is ther any ſpecial cauſe, thou takeſt hereat ſuch ſorow

Hodge ¶ Kirſtian Clack Tom ſimſons maid, bi the maſſe coms hether
Chamnot able to ſay, betweene vs what may hap, (to morow
She ſmyled on me the laſt ſonday when ich put of my cap,

Diccon ¶ Well Hodge this is a matter of weight, & muſt be kept cloſe,
It might els turne to both our coſtes as the world now goſe,
Shalt ſware to be no blab Hodge.

Hodge ¶ Chyll Diccon.

Diccon ¶ Then go to,
Lay thine hand here, ſay after me as thou ſhalt here me do
Haſte no booke?

Hodge ¶ Cha no booke I.

Diccon ¶ Then needes muſt force vs both,
Vpon my breech to lay thine hand, and there to take thine othe.

Hodge ¶ I Hodge breecheleſſe,
Sweare to Diccon rechleſſe
By the croſſe that I ſhall kyſſe,
To kepe his counſaile cloſe
And alwayes me to diſpoſe
To worke that his pleaſure is. ¶ Here he kyſſeth Diccons (breeche.

Diccon. ¶ Now Hodge ſee thou take heede
And do as I thee byd
For ſo I iudge it meete,
This nedle againe to win
There is no ſhift therin
But coniure vp a ſpreete.

Hodge ¶ What the great deuill Diccon I ſaye?

Diccon ¶ Yea in good faith, that is the waye,
Fet with ſome pretycharme.

Hodge ¶ Softe Diccon be not to haſty yet,
By the maſſe for ich begyn to ſweat
Cham afrayde of ſyme harme.

Diccon ¶ Come hether then and ſturre the nat
One inche out of this Cyrcle plat
But ſtande as I thee teache.

Hodge ¶ And ſhall ich be here ſafe from theyr clawes:
Diccon ¶ The mayſter deuill with his louge pawes
Here to thee can not reache:
Now will I ſettle me to this geare.
Hodge ¶ I ſaye Diccon, heare me, heare:
Go ſoftely to thys matter.
Diccon ¶ What deuyll man, art afraide of nought
Hodge ¶ Canſt not tarrye a lytle thought
Tyll ich make a curteſie of water.
Diccon ¶ Stand ſtill to it, why ſhuldeſt thou feare hym?
Hodge ¶ Gogs ſydes Diccon, me thinke ich heare him
And tarrye chal mare all.
Diccon ¶ The matter is no worſe then I tolde it,
Hodge ¶ By the maſſe cham able no longer to holde it,
To bad iche muſt beraye the hall.
Diccon ¶ Stand to it Hodge, ſture not you horſon,
What Deuyll, be thine ars ſtrynges bruſten?
Thy ſelfe a while but ſtaye,
The deuill I ſmell hym wyll be here anone.
Hodge ¶ Hold him faſt Diccon, cham gone, cham gone
Chyll not be at that fraye.

The ii. Acte. The ii. Sceane.

Diccon. Chat.

Diccon FYe ſhytten knaue, and out vpon thee
A boue all other loutes fye on thee,
Is not here a clenly prancke?
But thy matter was no better
Nor thy preſence here no ſweter,
To flye I can the thanke:
Here is a matter worthy gloſynge
Of Gammer Gurtons nedle loſynge
And a foule peece of warke,
A man I thyncke myght make a playe
And nede no worde to this they ſaye
Being but halfe a Clarke.

Soft

Soſte, let me alone, I will take the charge
This matter further to en large
Within a tyme ſhorte,
If ye will marke my toyes, and note
I will geue ye leaue to cut my throte
If I make not good ſporte,
Dame Chat I ſay, where be ye, within?
Chat. ¶ Who haue we there maketh ſuch a din?
Diccon ¶ Here is a good fellow, maketh no great daunger,
Chat. ¶ What diccon? come nere, ye be no ſtraunger,
We be faſt ſet at trumpe man, hard by the fyre,
Thou ſhalt ſet on the King, if thou come a litle nyer.
Diccon ¶ Nay, nay, there is no tarying: I muſt be gone againe
But firſt for you in councel I haue a word or twaine.
Chat. ¶ Come hether Dol, Dol, ſit downe and play this game,
And as thou ſaweſt me do, ſee thou do euen the ſame
There is .5. trumps beſide the Queene, yͤ hindmoſt yͧ ſhalt finde her
Take hede of Sim glouers wife, ſhe hath an eie behind her,
Now Diccon ſay your will.
Diccon ¶ Nay ſofte a litle yet,
I wold not tel it my ſiſter, the matter is ſo great,
There I wil haue you ſweare by our dere Lady of Bullaine,
S. Dunſtone, and S. Donnyke, with the three Kinges of Bullaine,
That ye ſhal keepe it ſecret.
Chat. ¶ Gogs bread that will I doo,
As ſecret as mine owne thought, by god and the deuil two.
Diccon. ¶ Here is gāmer gurton your neighbour, a ſad & heuy wight
Her goodly faire red Cock, at home, was ſtole this laſt night.
Chat. ¶ Gogs ſoule her Cock with the yelow legs, yͭ nightly crowed ſo iuſt?
Diccon ¶ That cocke is ſtollen.
Chat. ¶ What was he fet out of the hens-ruſte?
Diccon ¶ I can not tel where yͤ deuil he was kept, vnder key or locke,
But Tib hath tykled in Gammers eare, that you ſhoulde ſteale the cocke
Chat. ¶ Haue I ſtronge hoore? by bread and ſalte.
Diccon ¶ What ſofte, I ſay be ſtyl.
Say not one word for all this geare.
Chat. ¶ By the maſſe that I wyl,
I wil haue the yong hore by the head, & the old trot by yͤ throte
Diccon ¶ Not one word dame Chat I ſay, not one word for my cote.

Chat. ¶ Shall ſuch a begars brawle as ẏ thinkeſt ẏ make me a theefe
The pocks light on her hores ſydes, a peſtlence & a miſcheefe
Come out thou hungry nedy bytche, o that my nails be ſhort.

Diccon ¶ Gogs bred womã hold your peace, this gere wil els paſſe ſport
I wold not for an hundred pound, this matter ſhuld be knowen,
That I am auctour of this tale, or haue abrode it blowen
Did ye not ſweare ye wold be ruled, before the tale I tolde
I ſaid ye muſt all ſecret keepe, and ye ſaid ſure ye wolde.

Chat. ¶ Wolde you ſuffer your ſelfe diccon, ſuch a ſort, to reuile you
With ſlaunderous words to blot your name, & ſo to defile you?

Diccon ¶ No goodwife chat I wold be loth ſuch drabs ſhulde blot my
But yet ye muſt ſo order all, ẏ Diccon beare no blame. (name

Chal. ¶ Go to then, what is your rede? ſay on your minde,
(ye ſhall mee rule herein.

Diccon ¶ Godamercye to dame chat, in faith thou muſt the gere begin
It is twenty pound to a gooſe turd, my gammer will not tary
But hetherward ſhe comes as faſt as her legs can her cary,
To brawle with you about her cocke, for well I hard Tib ſay
The Cocke was roſted in your houſe, to breakfaſt yeſterday,
And when ye had the carcas eaten, the fethers ye out flunge
And Doll your maid the legs ſhe hid a foote depe in the dunge.

Chat. ¶ Oh gracyous god my harte is burſtes.

Diccon ¶ Well roſe your ſelfe a ſpace
And gammer gurton when ſhe commeth anon into thys place
Then to the Queane lets ſee tell her your mynd & ſpare not
So ſhall Diccon blamleſſe bee, and then go to I care not.

Chat. ¶ Then hore beware her throte, I can abide no longer
In faith old witch it ſhalbe ſeene, which of vs two be ſtronger
And Diccon but at your requeſt, I wold not ſtay one howre.

Diccon ¶ Well keepe it in till ſhe be here and then out let it powre,
In the meane while get you in, and make no wordes of this
More of this matter within this howre to here you ſhall not miſſe
Becauſe I know you are my freind, hide it I cold not doubtles
Ye know your harm, ſee ye be wiſe about your owne buſines
So fare ye well.

Chat. ¶ Nay ſoft Diccon and drynke, what Doll I ſay
Bringe here a cup of the beſt ale, lets ſee, come quicly a waye.

¶ The

The ii. Act. The iii. Sceane.

Hodge. Diccon.

Diccon WE ſee maſters yͤ one end tapt of this my ſhort deuiſe
Now muſt we broche thoter to, before the ſmoke ariſe
And by the time they haue a while run. I truſt ye need not craue it.
But loke what lieth in both their harts ye ar like ſure to haue it
Hodge ¶ Yea gogs ſoule, art aliue yet? what Diccon dare ich come?
Diccon ¶ A man is wel hied to truſt to thee, I will ſay nothing but mum
But and ye come any nearer I pray you ſee all be ſweete.
Hodge ¶ Tuſh man, is gammers neele found, that chould gladly weete
Diccon ¶ She may thãke thee it is not foũd, for if yͧ had kept thy ſtãding
The deuil he wold haue fet it out, euen hodg at thy cõmaunding
Hodge ¶ Gogs hart, ⁊ cold he tel nothing wher the neele might be found
Diccon ¶ Ye folyſh dolt, ye were to ſeek, ear we had got our ground,
Therfore his tale ſo doubtfull was, that I cold not perceiue it.
Hodge ¶ Then ich ſe wel ſomthing was ſaid, chope one day yet to haue it,
But diccon, diccon, did not the deuill cry ho, ho, ho,
Diccon ¶ If yͧ hadſt taryed where thou ſtoodſt, thou woldeſt haue ſaid ſo
Hodge ¶ Durſt ſwere of a boke, chard him rore, ſtreight after ich was gon
But tel me diccon what ſaid yͤ knaue: let me here it anon.
Diccon ¶ The horſon talked to mee. I know not well of what
One whyle his tonge it ran and paltered of a Cat,
Another whyle he ſtamered ſtyll vppon a Rat,
Laſt of all there was nothing but euery word Chat, Chat,
But this I well perceyued before I wolde him rid,
Betweene Chat, and the Rat, and the Cat, the nedle is hyd,
Now wether Gyb our cat haue eate it in her mawe,
Or Doctor Rat our curat haue found it in the ſtraw,
Or this dame chat your neighbour haue ſtollen it, god hee knoweth
But by yͤ morow at this time, we ſhal learn how the matter goeth
Hodge ¶ Canſt not learn to night man, ſeeſt not what is here,

¶ Pointyng behind to his torne breeches.

Diccon ¶ Tys not poſſyble to make it ſooner appere,
Hodge ¶ Alas Diccon then chaue no ſhyft, but leaſt ich tary to longe
Hye me to Sym glouers ſhop, theare to ſeeke for a Thonge,
Ther with this breech to tatche and tye as ich may.
Diccon ¶ To morow hodg if we chaunce to meete, ſhalt ſee what I will ſay.

Diccon: Gammer.

Diccon Now this gere muſt forward goe, for here my gammer: commeth,
Be ſtill a while & ſay nothing, make here a litle romth.
Gãmer ¶ Good lord, ſhall neuer be my lucke my neele agayne to ſpye?
Alas the whyle tys paſt my helpe, where tis ſtill it muſt lye.
Diccon ¶ Now Ieſus gammer gurtõ, what driueth you to this ſadnes?
I feare me by my conſcience, you will ſure fall to madnes.
Gãmer ¶ Who is that, what Diccon, cham loſt man: fye fye.
Diccon ¶ Mary fy on them ẏ be worthy, but what ſhuld be your troble,
Gãmer ¶ Alas the more ich thinke on it, my ſorow it wareth doble
My goodly toſſing ſporyars neele, chaue loſt ich wot not where.
Diccon ¶ Your neele, whan?
Gãmer ¶ My neele (alas) ich myght full ill it ſpare,
As god him ſelfe he knoweth nere one beſyde chaue.
Diccon ¶ If this be all good gammer, I warrant you all is ſaue.
Gãmer ¶ Why know you any tydings which way my neele is gone?
Diccon ¶ Yea that I do doubtleſſe, as ye ſhall here anone,
A ſee a thing this matter toucheth, within theſe .xx. howres,
Euen at this gate, before my face, by a neyghbour of yours,
She ſtooped me downe, and vp ſhe toke a nedle or a pyn:
I durſt be ſworne it was euen yours, by all my mothers kyn.
Gãmer ¶ It was my neele diccon ich wot, for here euen by this poſte
Ich ſat, what time as ich vp ſtarte, and ſo my neele it loſte:
Who was it leiue ſon? ſpeke ich pray the, & quickly tell me that?
Diccon ¶ A ſuttle queane as any in thys Towne,
(your neyghboure here dame Chat.
Gãmer ¶ Dame chat diccon let me be gone, chil thyther in poſt haſte.
Diccon ¶ Take my councell yet or ye go, for feare ye walke in waſt,
It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleaſed,
And ye take not the better way, our nedle yet ye loſe it:
For when ſhe tooke it vp, euen here before your doores
What ſoft dame chat (quoth I) that ſame is none of yours
Auant (quoth ſhe) ſyr knaue, what prateſt thou of that I fynd:
I wold ẏ haddſt kiſt me I wot whear: (ſhe ment I know behind)
And home ſhe went as brag, as it had ben a bodelouce,
And I after as bold, as it had ben, the goodman of the houſe:

But

But there and ye had hard her, how ſhe began to ſcolde
The tonge it went on patins, by hym that Iudas ſolde,
Ech other worde I was a knaue, and you a hore of hores,
Becauſe I ſpake in your behalfe, and ſayde the neele was yours.
Gāmer ¶ Gogs bread, and thinks yͤ callet thus to kepe my neele me fro
Diccon ¶ Let her alone, and ſhe minds non other but euē to dreſſe you ſo
Gāmer ¶ By the maſſe chil rather ſpend the cote that is on my backe.
Thinks the falſe quean by ſuch a ſlygh, that chill my neele lacke
Diccon ¶ Slepe not you gere I counſell you, but of this take good hede
Let not be knowen I told you of it, how well ſoeuer ye ſpede.
Gāmer ¶ Chil in Diccon a cleene aperne to take, and ſet before me,
And ich may my neele once ſee, chil ſure remember the

The ii. Acte. The v. Sceane.

Diccon.

Diccon HEre will the ſporte begin, if theſe two once may meete.
Their chere durſt lay money will proue ſcarſly ſweete
My gammer ſure entends, to be vppon her bones,
With ſtaues, or with clubs, or els with coble ſtones.
Dame Chat on the other ſyde, if ſhe be far behynde
I am right far deceiued ſhe is geuen to it of kynde,
He that may tarry by it a whyle, and that but ſhorte
I warrant hym truſt to it, he ſhall ſee all the ſporte
Into the towne will I, my frendes to vyſit there
And hether ſtraight againe to ſee thend of this gere (them
In the meane time felowes, pype vpp your fiddles, I ſaie take
And let your freyndes here ſuch mirth as ye can make them.

The iii. Acte. The i. Sceane.

Hodge.

Hodge SYm glouer yet gramercy, cham meetlye well ſped now,
Thart euen as good a felow as euer kyſſe a cowe,
Here is a thynge in dede, by yͤ maſſe though ich ſpeake it
Tom tankards great bald curtal, I thinke could not breake it
And when he ſpyed my neede, to be ſo ſtraight and hard,

Hays lent me here his naull, to ſet the gyb foꝛward,
As foꝛ my Gammers neele, the ſlyenge feynd go weete,
Chill not now go to the doꝛe againe with it to meete:
Chould make ſhyfte good inough and chad a candels ende,
The cheeſe hole in my bꝛeeche, with theſe two chil amende.

¶ The iii. Acte. ¶ The ii. Sceane.

Gammer. Hodge.

Gāmer HOw Hodge, mayſt nowe be glade, cha newes to tell thee
Ich knowe who hais my neele, ich truſt ſoone ſhalt it ſee

Hodge ¶ The deuyll thou does, haſt hard gammer in deede, oꝛ doeſt but (ieſt

Gāmer ¶ Tys as true as ſteele Hodge.

Hodge ¶ Why, knoweſt well where dydſt leeſe it?

Gāmer ¶ Ich know who found it, and tooke it vp ſhalt ſee oꝛ it be longe.

Hodge ¶ Gods mother dere, if that be true, farwel both naule an thong
But who hais it gammer ſay one, chould faine here it diſcloſed.

Gāmer ¶ That falſe fixen, that ſame dame Chat, that counts her ſelfe ſo (honeſt.

Hodge ¶ Who tolde you ſo:

Gāmer ¶ That ſame did Diccon the bedlam, which ſaw it done.

Hodge ¶ Diccon: it is a vengeable knaue gammer, tis a bonable hoꝛſō,
Can do mo things then that els cham deceyued euill:
By the maſſe ich ſaw him of late cal vp a great blacke deuill,
O the knaue cryed ho, ho, he roared and he thundꝛed,
And yead bene here, cham ſure yould murrenly ha wondꝛed.

Gāmer ¶ Was not thou afraide Hodge to ſee him in this place:

Hodge ¶ No, and chad come to me, chould haue laid him on the face,
Chould haue pꝛomiſed him.

Gāmer ¶ But Hodge, had he no hoꝛnes to puſhe:

Hodge ¶ As long as your two armes, ſaw ye neuer Fryer Ruſhe
Painted on a cloth, with a ſide long cowes tayle:
And crooked clouen feete, and many a hoked nayle?
Foꝛ al the woꝛld (if I ſhuld iudg) chould recken him his bꝛother
Loke euen what face Frier Ruſh had, the deuil had ſuch another

Gāmer ¶ New Jeſus mercy hodg, did diccon in him bꝛing:

Hodge ¶ Nay gammer (heare me ſpeke) chil tel you a greater thing,
The deuil (when diccon bad him, ich hard him wondꝛous weel)

Sayde

Sayd plainly (here before vs, that dame chat had your neele.
mer ¶ Then let vs go, and aſke her wherfore ſhe minds to kepe it,
Seing we know ſo much, t'ware a madnes now to ſlepe it.
Hodge ¶ Go to her gāmer ſee ye not where ſhe ſtands in her doores
Byd her geue you the neele, tys none of hers but yours.

¶ The iii. Acte. ¶ The iii Sceane.

Gammer. Chat. Hodge.

Gāmer Dame Chat cholde praye the fair, let me haue yͭ is mine
Chil not this twenty yeres take one fart that is thyne
Therfore giue me mine owne & let me liue beſyde the.
Chat. ¶ Why art thou crept frō home hether, to mine own doores to
Hence doting drab, auaunt, or I ſhall ſet the further. (chide me:
Intends thou and that knaue, mee in my houſe to murther:
Gāmer ¶ Tuſh gape not ſo no me woman, ſhalt not yet eate mee,
Nor all the frends thou haſt, in this ſhall not intreate mee:
Mine owne goods I will haue, and aſke the on beleue, (agrens.
What woman: pore folks muſt *haue* right, though the thing you
Chat. ¶ Giue thee thy right, and hang *thee* vp, wͭ al thy baggers broode
What wilt thou make me a *theefe*, and ſay I ſtole thy good:
Gāmer ¶ Chil ſay nothing (ich warrāt *thee*, but that ich cā proue it well.
Thou ſet my good euen from my doore, cham able this to tel,
Chat. ¶ Dyd I (olde witche) ſteale oft was thine:
(how ſhould that thing be knowen: (owne,
Gāmer ¶ Ich can not tel, but vp thou tokeſt it as though it had ben thine
Chat, ¶ Mary fy on thee, thou old gyb, with al my very hart.
Gāmer ¶ Nay fy on thee yͤ rampe, thou ryg, with al that take thy parte.
Chat. ¶ A vengeaunce on thoſe lips yͭ laieth ſuch things to my charge.
Gāmer ¶ A vengeance on thoſe callats hips, whoſe conſciēce is ſo large
Chat. ¶ Come out Hogge.
Gāmer ¶ Come out hogge, and let haue me right.
Chat. ¶ Thou arrant Witche.
Gāmer ¶ Thou bawdie bitche, chil make thee curſſe this night.
Chat. ¶ A bag and a wallet.
Gāmer ¶ A carte for a callet.
Chat. ¶ Why weneſt thou thus to preuaile,
I hold thee a grote,

I ſhall patche thy coate.
Gāmer ¶ Thou warte as good kyſſe my tayle:
Thou ſlut, ẏ kut, ẏ rakes, ẏ iakes: will not ſhame make ẏ hide
Chat. ¶ Thou ſkald, thou bald, thou rotten, ẏ glotton, I will no lenger
But I will teache the to kepe home. (chyd the
Gāmer ¶ Wylt thou drunken beaſte.
Hodge ¶ Sticke to her gammer, take her by the head, chil warrant you
Smyte I ſaye gammer, (thys feaſt.
Byte I ſay gammer,
I trow ye wyll be keene:
Where be your nayls? claw her by the iawes, pull me out bothe
Gogs bones gammer, holde vp your head, (her eyen,
Chat. ¶ I trow drab I ſhall dreſſe thee. (thee
Tary ẏ knaue I hold the a grote, I ſhall make theſe hands bleſſe
Take ẏ this old hore for amends, & lerne thy tonge well to tame
And ſay thou met at this bickering, not thy fellow but thy dame.
Hodge ¶ Where is the ſtrong ſtued hore, chil geare a hores marke,
Stand out ones way, that ich kyll none in the darke:
Vp gammer and ye be alyue, chil feygh now for vs bothe,
Come no nere me thou ſcalde callet, to kyll the ich wer loth.
Chat. ¶ Art here agayne thou hoddy peke, what doll bryng me out my
Hodge ¶ Chill broche thee wyth this, bim father ſoule, (ſpitte.
(chyll coniure that foule ſprete:
Let dore ſtand Cock, why coms in deede? kepe dore ẏ horſon boy.
Chat. ¶ Stand to it ẏ daſtard for thine eares, ile teche ẏ a ſluttiſh toye.
Hodge ¶ Gogs woundes hore, chil make the auaunte,
(take heede Cocke, pull in the latche,
Chat. ¶ I faith ſir looſe breche had ye taried, ye ſhold haue found your
Gāmer ¶ Now ware thy throte loſell, thouſe pray for al (match.
Hodge ¶ Well ſaid gammer by my ſoule, (houle
Hoyſe her, ſouſe her, bounce her, trounce her, pull out her throte
Chat. ¶ Comſt behynd me thou withered witch, & I get once on foote
Thouſe pay for all, ẏ old tarlether, ile teach the what longs to it
Take ẏ this to make vp thy mouth, til time thou come by more
Hodge ¶ Vp gammer ſtand on your feete, where is the olde hore?
Faith woulde chad her by the face
(choulde cracke her callet crowne
Gāmer ¶ A hodg, hodg, where was thy help, when fixen had me downe.
Hodge ¶ By the maſſe Gammer, but for my ſtaffe
(Chat had gone nye to ſpyl you

Ich think the harlot had not cared, and chad not com to kill you
But ſhall we loſe our neele thus?
Gāmer ¶ No Hodge chwarde lothe doo ſoo,
Thinkeſt thou chill take that at her hand, no hodg ich tell the no
Hodge ¶ Chold yet this fray wer wel take vp, & our own neele at home
Twill be my chaunce els ſome to kil, wher euer it be or whame
Gāmer ¶ We haue a parſon, (hodge thou knoes) a man eſtemed wiſe
Maſt doctor Rat, chil for hym ſend, and let me here his aduiſe,
He will her ſhriue for all this gere, & geue her penaunce ſtrait
Weſe haue our neele, els dame chat comes nere wͭ in heauē gate
Hodge ¶ Ye mary gammer, ẏ ich think beſt: wyll you now for him ſend
The ſooner Doctor Rat be here, the ſoner weſe ha an ende,
And here gammer Dyccons deuill, (as iche remember well)
Of Cat, and Chat, and Doctor Rat: a felloneus tale dyd tell,
Chold you forty pound, that is the way your neele to get againe.
Gāmer ¶ Chil ha him ſtrait, call out ẏ boy, weſe make him take the payn
Hodge ¶ What coke I ſaye, come out what deuill canſt not here.
Gāmer ¶ How now hodg? how does gammer, is yet the wether cleare?
What wold chaue me to doo?
Gāmer ¶ Come hether Cocke anon:
Hence ſwythe to Doctor Rat, hye the that thou were gone,
And pray hym come ſpeke with me, cham not well at eaſe,
Shalt haue him at his chamber, or els at mother Bees,
Els ſeeke him at Hobfylchers ſhop, for as charde it reported
Cocke. There is the beſt ale in al the towne, and now is moſt reſorted.
Gāmer ¶ And ſhall ich brynge hym with me gammer?
Cocke. ¶ Yea, by and by good Cocke.
Hodge ¶ Shalt ſee that ſhalbe here anone, els let me haue one the docke
¶ Now gammer ſhal we two go in, and tary for hys commynge
What deuill woman plucke vp your hart, & leue of al this glomīg
Though ſhe were ſtronger at ẏ firſt, as ich thinke ye did find her
Gāmer Yet there ye dreſt the dronkē ſow, what time ye cam behind her
¶ Nay, nay, cham ſure ſhe loſt not all, for ſet thend to ẏ beginnig
And ich doubt not, but ſhe will make ſmall boſt of her winning.

¶ The iii. Acte. ¶ The iiii. Sceane.

Tyb. Hodge. Gammer. Cocke.

Tyb SE gāmer, gāmer, gib our cat, chā afraid what ſhe ayleth
She ſtandes me gaſping behind the doore,
(as though her winde her faileth:
Now let ich doubt what gib ſhuld mean, yͭ now ſhe doth ſo dote.
Hodge ¶ Hold hether, ichould twenty pound, your neele is in her throte
Grope her ich ſay, me thinkes ich feele it, does not pricke your
Gāmer ¶ Ich can feele nothing. (hand?
Hodge ¶ No, ich know thars not within this land
A muryner Cat then Gyb is, betwixt the tems and Tyne,
Shaſe as much wyt in her head almoſt as chaue in mine.
Tyb ¶ Faith ſhaſe eaten ſome thing, that wil not eaſely downe
Whether ſhe gat it at home, or abrode in the towne
Iche can not tell.
Gāmer ¶ Alas ich feare it be ſome croked pyn,
And then farewell gyb, ſhe is vndone, and loſt al ſaue the ſkyn.
Hodge ¶ Tyb, your neele woman, I ſay: gogs ſoule geue me a knyfe
And chil haue it out of her mawe, or els chal loſe my lyfe.
Gāmer ¶ What nay hodg, fy kil not our cat, tis al the cats we ha now.
Hodge ¶ By the maſſe dame Chat hays me ſo moued,
(iche care not what I kyll, ma god a vowe:
Go to then Tyb to this geare, holde vp har tayle and take her,
Chil ſee what deuil is in her guts. chil take yͤ paines to rake her.
Gāmer ¶ Rake a Cat Hodge, what woldſt thou do?
Hodge ¶ What thinckſt that cham not able?
Did not Tom Tankard rake his Curtal toore day ſtanding in
Gāmer ¶ Soft be content, lets here what newes (the ſtable.
(Cocke bringeth from maiſt Rat.
Cocke. ¶ Gammer chaue ben ther as you bad, you wot wel about what
Twill not be long before he come, ich durſt ſweare of a booke
He byds you ſee ye be at home, and there for him to looke.
Gāmer ¶ Where didſt thou find him boy was he not wher I told thee?
Cocke. ¶ Yes, yes euen at hobfilchers houſe, by him yͭ bought and ſolde
A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the fyer, me
Chad much a do to go and come, al was ſo ful of myer:
And Gammer one thing I can tel, Hobfilchers naule was loſte
And Doctor Rat found it againe, hard beſide the doore poſte,
I chould a penny can ſay ſomething, your neele againe to fet.
Gāmer ¶ Cham glad to heare ſo much Cocke, then truſt he wil not let,
To helpe vs herein beſt he can therfore tyl time he come
Let vs go in if there be ought to get thou ſhalt haue ſome

¶ The ii. Acte. ¶ The iiii. Sceane.

Doctor Rat. Gammer Gurton.

D. Rat. A Man were better twenty times, be a bandog ⁊ barke.
Then here among ſuch a ſort, be pariſh prieſt or clarke
Where he ſhal neuer be at reſt, one piſſing while a day
But he muſt trudge about the towne, this way, and that way,
Here to a drab, there to a theefe, his ſhoes to teare and rent
And that which is worſt of al, at euery knaues commaundemēt
I had not ſit the ſpace, to drinke two pots of ale
But Gammer gurtons ſorry boy, was ſtraite way at my taile,
And ſhe was ſicke, and I muſt come, to do I wot not what,
If once her fingers end but ake, trudge, call for Doctor Rat
And when I come not at their call, I only therby looſe,
For I am ſure to lacke therfore, a tythe pyg or a gooſe:
I warrāt you whē truth is knowen, ⁊ told they haue their tale
The matter where about I come,
(is not worth a halfpeny worth of ale,
Yet muſt I talke ſo ſage and ſmothe, as though I were a gloſter
Els or the yere come at an end, I ſhalbe ſure the loſer.
What worke ye gāmer gurtō? hoow here is your frēd M. Rat.
Gāmer ¶ A good M. Doctor cha trobled, cha trobled you, chwot wel that
D. Rat. ¶ How do ye woman: be ye luſtie, or be ye not wel at eaſe:
Gāmer ¶ By gys maſter cham not ſick, but yet chaue a diſeaſe.
Chad a foule turne now of late, chill tell it you by gigs.
D. Rat. ¶ Hath your browne cow caſt hir calfe, or your ſandy ſowe her
Gāmer ¶ No, but chad ben as good they had, as this ich wot weel. (pigs
D. Rat. ¶ What is the matter?
Gāmer ¶ Alas, alas, cha loſt my good necle,
My necle I ſay, and wot ye what: a drab came by and ſpied it
And when I aſked hir for the ſame, the filth flatly denied it.
D. Rat. ¶ What was ſhe that?
Gāmer ¶ A dame ich warrant you: ſhe began to ſcold and brawle
Alas, alas, come hether Hodge: this wretche can tell you all.

The iiii. Acte. The ii. Sceane.

Hodge. Doctor Rat. Gammer. Diccon. Chat.

Hodge G[illegible] Uicar.
D. Rat. [illegible] let vs heare.

D The

Thy dame hath ſayd to me, thou knoweſt of all this geare,
Lets ſee what thou canſt ſaie.

Hodge. ¶ Bym ſay ſir that ye ſhall,
What matter ſo euer here was done, ich can tell your maſhip
My Gammer gurton heare ſee now,
ſat her downe at this doore, ſee now:
And as ſhe began to ſtirre her, ſee now,
her neele fell in the floore, ſee now,
And while her ſtaffe ſhee tooke, ſee now,
at Gyb her Cat to flynge, ſee now,
Her neele was loſt in the floore, ſee now
is not this a wondrous thing, ſee now?
Then came the queane Dame Chat, ſee now
to aſke for hir blacke cup, ſee now:
And euen here at this gate, ſee now:
ſhe tooke that neele vp, ſee now:
My Gammer then ſhe yede, ſee now
hir neele againe to bring, ſee now
And was caught by the head ſee now
is not this a wondrous thing, ſee now
She tare my Gammers cote ſee now
and ſcratched hir by the face, ſee now
Chad thought ſhad ſtopt hir throte, ſee now
is not this a wondrous caſe, ſee now?
When ich ſaw this, ich was wrothe ſee now
and ſtart betwene them twaine, ſee now
Els ich durſt take a booke othe, ſee now
my Gammer had bene ſlaine, ſee now.

Gãmer ¶ This is euen the whole matter, as Hodge has plainly tolde
And chould faine be quiet for my part, that chould
But helpe vs good maſter, beſeech ye that ye doe
Els ſhall we both be beaten and loſe our neele too.

D. Rat. ¶ What wold ye haue me to doo tel me that I were gone
I will do the beſt that I can, to ſet you both at one
But be ye ſure dame Chat hath this your neele founde:

Gãmer ¶ Here comes the man that ſee hir take it vp of the ground,
Aſke him your ſelfe maſter Rat if ye beleue not me:
And helpe me to my neele, for gods ſake and ſaint charitie.

D. Rat. ¶ Come nere diccon and let vs heare, what thou can expreſſe.

Wilt ŷ be ſworne ŷ ſeaſt dame Chat this womans neele haue?
Diccon ¶ Nay by S. Benit wil I not, then might ye thinke me raue.
Gãmer ¶ Why didſt not ŷ tel me ſo euen here, canſt thou for ſhame deny it
Diccon ¶ I mary gammer, but I ſaid I would not abide by it.
D. Rat. ¶ Will you ſay a thing, and not ſticke to it to trie it?
Diccon ¶ Stick to it quoth you maſter rat, mary ſir I defy it. (blowne
Nay there is many an honeſt man, when he ſuche blaſtes hath
In his freindes eares, he woulde be loth the ſame by him were
If ſuch a toy be vſed oft among the honeſtie (knowne
It may beſeme a ſimple man, of your and my degree.
D. Rat. ¶ Then we be neuer the nearer, for all that you can tell.
Diccon ¶ Yes mary ſir, if ye will do by mine aduiſe and counſaile,
If mother chat ſe al vs here, ſhe knoweth how the matter goes
Therfore I red you three go hence, and within keepe cloſe,
And I will into dame chats houſe, and ſo the matter vſe,
That or you cold go twiſe to church, I warant you here nes,
She ſhall looke wel about hir, but I durſt lay a pledge,
Ye ſhal of gammers neele, haue ſhortly better knowledge.
Gãmer ¶ Now gentle Diccon do ſo, and good ſir let vs trudge.
D. Rat. ¶ By the maſſe I may not tarry ſo long to be your iudge.
Diccon ¶ Tys but a litle while man, what take ſo much paine,
If I here no newes of it, I wil come ſooner againe.
Hodge ¶ Tary ſo much good maſter Doctor of your gentlenes.
D. Rat. ¶ Then let vs hie vs inward, and Diccon ſpeede thy buſines.
Diccon ¶ Now ſirs do you no more, but kepe my counſaile iuſte,
And Doctor Rat ſhall thus catch, ſome good I truſt,
But mother Chat my goſſop, talke firſt with all I muſt:
For ſhe muſt be chiefe captaine to lay the Rat in the duſt,
God deuen dame Chat in faith, and wel met in this place.
Chat. ¶ God deuen my friend Diccon, whether walke ye this pace?
Diccon ¶ By my truth euen to you, to learne how the world goeth,
Hard ye no more of the other matter, ſay me now by your troth
Chat. ¶ O yes diccon, here the olde hoore, & hodge that great knaue.
But in faith I would thou hadſt ſene, o lord I dreſt them braue
She bare me two or three ſouſes behind in the nape of the necke
Till I made hir olde weſen, to anſwere againe kecke:
And Hodge that dirty daſtard, that at hir elbow ſtandes,
If one paire of legs had not bene worth two paire of hands
He had had his bearde ſhauen, if my nayles wold haue ſerued

And not without a cauſe, for the knaue is well deſerued.
Diccon ¶ By the maſſe I can the thanke wench, thou didſt ſo wel acquite the
Chat. ¶ And thadſt ſeene him Diccon, it wold haue made ye beſhite the
For laughter. The horſen dolt at laſt caught vp a club,
As though he would haue ſlaine the maſter deuil Belſabub,
But I ſet him ſoone inwarde.
Diccon ¶ O Lorde there is the thing
That Hodge is ſo offended, that makes him ſtarte and flyng
Chat. ¶ Why? makes the knaue any moyling, as ye haue ſene or hard
Diccon ¶ Euen now I ſawe him laſt, like a mad man he farde,
And ſware by heauen and hell, he would awreake his ſorowe
And leue you neuer a hen on liue, by viii. of the clock to morow,
Therfore marke what I ſay, and my wordes ſee that ye truſt
Your hens be as good as dead, if ye leaue them on the ruſte.
Chat, ¶ The knaue dare as wel go hang himſelf, as go vpon my groūd
Diccon ¶ Wel yet take hede I ſay, I muſt tel you my tale round,
Haue you not about your houſe, behind your furnace or leade:
A hole where a crafty knaue, may crepe in for neade?
Chat. ¶ Yes by the maſſe, a hole broke down, euen wͭin theſe ii. dayes.
Diccon ¶ Hodge, he intendes this ſame night, to ſlip in there awayes.
Chat. ¶ O chriſt that I were ſure of it, in faith he ſhuld haue his mede.
Diccon ¶ watch wel, for the knaue wil be there as ſure as is your crede
I wold ſpend my ſelfe a ſhilling: to haue him ſwinged well.
Chat. ¶ I am as glad as a woman can be, of this thing to here tell
By gogs bones, when he cōmeth, now that I know the matter
He ſhal ſure at the firſt ſkip, to leape in ſcalding water:
With a worſe turne beſides. when he will, let him come.
Diccon ¶ I tell you as my ſiſter, you know what meaneth mum,
Now lacke I but my doctor, to play his part againe.
And lo where he commeth towards, peraduenture to his paine.
D. Rat. ¶ What good newes Diccon? fellow, is mother chat at home,
Diccon ¶ She is ſyr, and ſhe is not, but it pleaſe her to whome:
Yet dyd I take her tardy, as ſubtle as ſhe was.
D. Rat. ¶ The thing that thou wentſt for, haſt thou brought it to paſſe?
Diccon ¶ I haue done that I haue done, be it worſe be it better.
And dame Chat at her wyts ende, I haue almoſt ſet her.
D Rat. ¶ Why haſt thou ſpied the neele quickly I pray thee tell.
Diccon ¶ I haue ſpyed it in faith ſir, I handled my ſelfe ſo well,
And yet the crafty queane, had almoſt take my trumpe.

But or all came to an ende, I ſet her in a dumpe:
D. Rat. ¶ How ſo I pray thee Diccon?
Diccon ¶ Mary ſyr will ye heare?
She was clapt downe on the backſide, by cocks mother dere
And there ſhe ſat ſewing a halter, or a bande,
With no other thing ſaue gammers nedle in her handes,
As ſoone as any knocke, if the filth be in double,
She needes but once puffe, and her candle is out:
Now I ſir knowing of euery doore the pin.
Came nycely, and ſaid no worde: till time I was within,
And there I ſawe the neele, euen with theſe two eyes,
Who euer ſay the contrary, I will ſweare he lyes.
D. Rat. ¶ O Diccon that I was not there, then in thy ſteade.
Diccon ¶ Well, if ye will be ordred, and do by my reade.
I will bring you to a place, as the houſe ſtandes.
Where ye ſhall take the drab, with the neele in hir handes
D. Rat. ¶ For Gods ſake do ſo Diccon, and I will gage my gowne
To geue thee a full pot, of the beſt ale in the towne,
Diccon ¶ Follow me but a litle, and marke what I will ſay,
Lay downe your gown beſide you, go to, come on your way:
Se ye not what is here'a hole wherin ye may creepe
Into the houſe, and ſodenly vnwares among them leape,
There ſhal ye finde the Bitchfox, and the neele together
Do as I bid you man, come on your wayes hether.
D. Rat. ¶ Art thou ſure diccon, the ſwil tub ſtandes not here aboute.
Diccon ¶ I was within my ſelfe man euen now, there is no doubt,
Go ſoftly, make no noyſe, giue me your foote ſir John,
Here will I waite vpon you, tyl you come out anone.
D. Rat. ¶ Helpe Diccon, out alas, I ſhal be ſlaine among them.
Diccon ¶ If they giue you not the nedle, tel them that ye will hāg them
Ware that, hoow my wenches, haue ye caught the Foxe,
That vſed to make reuel, among your hennes and Cocks:
Saue his life yet for his order, though he ſuſteine ſome paine
Gogs bread, I am afraide, they wil beate out his braine.
D. Rat. ¶ Wo worth the houre that I came heare.
And wo worth him that wrought this geare,
A ſort of drabs and queanes haue me bleſt,
Was euer creature halfe ſo euill dreſt?
Who euer it wrought, and firſt did inuent it,

He ſhall I warrant him, erre long repent it,
I will ſpend all I haue without my ſkinne
But he ſhall be brought to the plight I am in,
Maſter Bayly I trow, and he be worth his eares.
Will ſnaffle theſe murderers and all that them beares,
I will ſurely neither byte nor ſuppe
Till I fetch him hether, this matter to take vp.

The v. Acte. The i. Sceane.

Maſter Bayly. Doctor Rat.

Bailie. I Can perceiue none other, I ſpeke it from my hart
But either ye ar in al the fault or els in yͤ greateſt part
D. Rat. ¶ If it be counted his fault, beſides all his greeues
When a poore man is ſpoyled: and beaten among theeues?
Then I confeſſe my fault herein, at this ſeaſon,
But I hope you wil not iudge ſo much againſt reaſon.
Baily. ¶ And me thinkes by your owne tale, of all that ye name.
If any plaid the theefe you were the very ſame.
The women they did nothing, as your words make probation
But ſtoutly withſtood your forcible inuaſion,
If that a theefe at your window, to enter ſhould begin,
Wold you hold forth your hand, and helpe to pull him in:
Or you wold kepe him out: I pray you anſwere me.
D. Rat. ¶ Mary kepe him out, and a good cauſe why:
But I am no theefe ſir but an honeſt learned Clarke.
Baily. ¶ Yea but who knoweth that, when he meets you in the darke
I am ſure your learning ſhines not out at your noſe,
Was it any maruaile, though the poore woman aroſe
And ſtart vp, being afraide of that was in hir purſe
Me thinke you may be glad that you lucke was no worſe.
D. Rat. ¶ Is not this euill ynough, I pray you as you thinke,
Shewing his broken head.
Baily. ¶ Yea but a man in the darke, of chaunces do wincke,
As ſoone he ſmites his father, as any other man,
Becauſe for lacke of light, diſcerne him he ne can,
Might it not haue ben your lucke, wͭ a ſpit to haue ben ſlaine:
D. Rat. ¶ I thinke I am litle better, my ſcalpe is clouen to the braine,

If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the knockes.
Bayly. By my troth and well worthy, beſides to kiſſe the ſtockes
To come in on the backe ſide, when ye might go about,
I know non ſuch, vnles they long to haue their braines knockt out.
D. Rat. Well, wil you be ſo good ſir, as talke with dame Chat:
And know what ſhe intended: I aske no more but that.
Bayly. Let her be called fellow becauſe of maſter doctor,
I warrant in this caſe, ſhe wil be hir owne proctor,
She will tel hir owne tale in metter or in proſe,
And byd you ſeeke your remedy, and ſo go wype your noſe.

The v. Acte. The ii. Sceane.

M. Bayly. Chat. D. Rat. Gammer. Hodge. Diccon.

Bayly. Dame Chat, maſter doctor vpon you here complained
That you & your maides ſhuld him much miſorder,
And taketh many an oth, that no word he fained,
Laying to your charge, how you thought him to murder:
And on his part againe, that ſame man ſaith furder
He neuer offended you in word nor intent,
To heare you anſwer hereto, we haue now for you ſent.
Chat. That I wold haue murdered him, fye on him wretch,
And euil mought he thee for it, our Lord I beſech.
I will ſwere on al the bookes that opens and ſhuttes
He faineth this tale out of his owne guttes,
For this ſeuen weekes with me, I am ſure he ſat not downe,
Nay ye haue other minions, in the other end of the towne,
Where ye were liker to catch ſuch a blow,
Then any where els, as farre as I know.
Bayly. Belike then maſter Doctor, yon ſtripe there ye got not?
D. Rat. Thinke you I am ſo mad, that where I was bet, I wot not?
Will ye beleue this queane, before ſhe hath tryd it?
It is not the firſt dede ſhe hath done, and afterward denide it.
Chat. What man, will you ſay I broke your head?
D. Rat. How canſt thou proue the contrary?
Chat. Nay, how prouest thou that I did the deade,
D. Rat. To plainly, by S. Mary.
This profe I trow may ſerue, though I no word ſpoke.
Showing his broken head.

Chat. ¶ Bicauſe thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?
I ſaw thee Rat I tel thee, not once within this fortnight,
D. Rat. ¶ No mary, thou ſaweſt me not, for why thou hadſt no light,
But I felt thee for al the darke, beſhrew thy ſmothe cheekes,
And thou groped me, this wil declare, any day this ſix weekes
Showing his heade. (yours?
Baily. ¶ Anſwere me to this M. Rat, when caught you this harme of
D. Rat. ¶ A while a go ſir, god he knoweth, ẇin les thē theſe ii. houres.
Baily. ¶ Dame Chat was there none with you:
(confeſſe I faith) about that ſeaſon. (ſon
What woman, let it be what it wil, tis neither felony nor trea
Chat. ¶ Yes by my faith maſter Bayly, there was a knaue not farre
Who caught one good Philup on the brow, with a dore barre
And well was he worthy, as it ſemed to mee,
But what is that to this man, ſince this was not hee.
Baily. ¶ Who was it then? lets here.
D. Rat. ¶ Alas ſir, aſke you that?
Is it not made plain inough (by the owne mouth of dame chat
The time agreeth, my head is broken, her tong can not lye,
Onely vpon a bare, nay ſhe ſaith it was not I.
Chat. ¶ No mary was it not indeede ye ſhal here by this one thing,
This after noone a frēd of mine, for good wil gaue me warning
And bad me wel loke to my ruſte, and al my Capons pennes,
For if I take not better heede, a knaue wold haue my hennes,
Then I to ſaue my goods, toke ſo much pains as him to watch
And as good fortune ſerued me, it was my chaūce hī for to catch
What ſtrokes he bare away, or other what was his gaines
I wot not, but ſure I am, he had ſomething for his paines
Baily. ¶ Yet telles thou not who it was.
Chat. ¶ Who it was a falſe theefe,
That came like a falſe Foxe, my pullaine to kil and miſcheefe.
Baily. ¶ But knoweſt thou not his name?
Chat. ¶ I know it but what than,
It was that crafty cullyon Hodge my gammer gurtons man.
Baille. ¶ Cal me the knaue hether, he ſhal ſure kyſſe the ſtockes.
D. Rat. I ſhall teach him a leſſon, for filching hens or cocks.
¶ I maruaile maſter bayly, ſo bleared be your eyes.
An egge is not ſo ful of meate, as ſhe is ful of lyes:
When ſhe hath playd this pranke, to excuſe al this geare,

She layeth the fault in ſuch a one, as I know was not there.
Chat. ¶ Was he not thear lo ye on his pate, that ſhalbe his witnes.
D. Rat. ¶ I wold my head were half ſo hole, I wold ſeeke no redreſſe.
Baily. ¶ God bleſſe you gammer Gurton.
Gãmer ¶ God yelde you maſter mine.
Baily. ¶ Thou haſt a knaue wͭin thy houſe, hodge, a ſeruant of thine,
They tel [illegible]hat buſy knaue, is ſuch a filching one,
That Hen, [illegible] gooſe or capon, thy neighbour can haue none,
Gãmer ¶ By go[illegible]m [illegible]uch ameued, to heare any ſuch reporte:
Hodge was not wo[illegible]ch trow, to haue him in that ſort.
Chat. ¶ A theeuiſher knaue is not on liue, more filching, nor more falſe
Many a truer man then he, haſe hanged vp by the halſe.
And thou his dame of al his theft, thou art the ſole receauer
For hodge to catch, and thou to kepe, I neuer knew none better
Gãmer ¶ Sir reuerence of your maſterdome, and you were out a doore,
Chold be ſo bolde for al hir brags, to cal hir arrant whoore,
And ich knew Hodge ſo bad as tow, ich wiſh me endleſſe ſorow
And chould not take the pains, to hang him vp before to morow!
Chat. ¶ What haue I ſtolne frõ the or thine: thou illfauored olde trot.
Gãmer ¶ A great deale more (by Gods bleſt,) then cheuer by the got,
That thou knoweſt wel I neade not ſay it,
Baily. ¶ Stoppe there I ſay,
And tel me here I pray you, this matter by the way:
How chaunce hodge is not here him wold I faine haue had.
Gãmer ¶ Alas ſir, heel be here anon, ha be handled to bad.
Chat. ¶ Maſter bayly, ſir ye be not ſuch a foole wel I know,
But ye perceiue by this lingring, there is a pad in the ſtraw.
Thinking that Hodg, his head was broke, and that gammer
Wold not let him come before them.
Gãmer ¶ Chil ſhew you his face, ich warrant the, lo now where he is.
Bailie. ¶ Come on fellow it is tolde me thou art a ſhrew iwyſſe,
Thy neighbours hens yͧ takeſt, and playes the two legged foxe
Their chikens & their capons to, & now and then their Cocks.
Hodge ¶ Ich defy them al that dare it ſay, cham as true as the beſt.
Baily. ¶ Wart not yͧ take within this houre, in dame chats hens neſt?
Hodge ¶ Take there? no maſter chold not dot, for a houſe ful of gold.
Chat ¶ Thou or the deuil in thy cote, ſweare this I dare be bold.
D. Rat. ¶ Sweare me no ſwearing quean, the deuill he geue the ſorow,
Al is not worth a gnat, thou canſt ſweare till to morow,

Where

Where is the harme he hath? ſhew it by gods bꝛead,
Ye beat him with a witnes, but the ſtripes light on my head.
Hodge ¶ Bet me? gogs bleſſed body, chold firſt ich trow haue burſt the
Ich thinke and chad my hands looſe callet chould haue cruſt the.
Chat. ¶ Thou ſhittē knaue I trow yͧ knoweſt yͤ ful weight of my fiſt
I am fowly deceiued, onles thy head ⁊ my dooꝛe bar kyſte
Hodge ¶ Hold thy chat whoꝛe yͧ crieſt ſo loude, ca[illegible] man els be hard
Chat. ¶ Well knaue, ⁊ I had the alone, I w[illegible]rely rap thy coſtard.
Bayly. ¶ Sir anſwer me to this, is thy head whole oꝛ bꝛoken?
Chat. ¶ Yea maſter Bayly, bleſt be euery good token.
Hodge ¶ Is my head whole? ich warrāt you, tis neither ſcuruy noꝛ ſcald
What you foule beaſt, does think tis either pild oꝛ bald.
Nay ich thanke god: chil not foꝛ al that thou maiſt ſpend
That chad one ſcab on my narſe, as bꝛode as thy fingers end.
Bayly. ¶ Come nearer heare.
Hodge ¶ Yes That iche dare.
Bayly. ¶ By our Lady here is no harme,
Hodges head is hole ynough, foꝛ al dame Chats charme.
Chat. ¶ By gogs bleſt, how euer the thing he clockes oꝛ ſmolders,
I know the blowes he bare away, either wͭ head oꝛ ſhoulders,
Cameſt yͧ not knaue within this houre, creping into my pens
And there was caught within my hous, gropīg among my hens.
Hodge ¶ A plage both on thy hens ⁊ the, a carte whoꝛe, a carte,
Chould I were hāged as hie as a tree, ⁊ chware as falſe as yͧ art
Geue my gāmer again her waſhical, yͧ ſtole away in thy lap.
Gāmer ¶ Yea maiſter baily there is a thing, you know not on may hap
This dꝛab ſhe kepes away my good, yͤ deuil he might her ſnare
Ich pꝛay you that ich might haue, a right action on her.
Chat. ¶ Haue I thy good old filth, oꝛ any ſuch old ſowes?
I am as true, I wold thou knew, as ſkin betwene thy bꝛowes
Gāmer ¶ Many a truer hath bē hanged, though you eſcape the daunger
Chat, ¶ Thou ſhalt anſwer by gods pity, foꝛ this thy foule ſlaunder.
Baily. ¶ Why, what cā ye charge hir withal? to ſay ſo, ye do not well.
Gāmer ¶ Mary a vēgeance to hir hart, yͭ whoꝛe haſe ſtoln my neele.
Chat. ¶ Thy nedle old witch, how ſo? it were almes thy ſcul to knock
So didſt thou ſay, the other day; that I had ſtolne thy Cock
And roſted him to my bꝛeakfaſt, which ſhal not be foꝛgotten,
The deuil pul out thy lying tong, and teeth that be ſo rotten.
Gāmer ¶ Geue me my neele, as foꝛ my cocke, chould be very loth

That chuld here tel he ſhuld hang, on thy falſe faith and troth.
Baily. ¶Your talke is ſuch, I can ſcarſe learne who ſhuld be moſt in
Gāmer ¶Yet ſhal ye find no other wight, ſaue ſhe, by bred & ſalt (fault
Baily. ¶Kepe ye content a while, ſe that your tonges ye holde,
Me thinkes you ſhuld remembre, this is no place to ſcolde,
How knoweſt thou gāmer gurton, dame Chat thy nedle had
Gāmer ¶To name you ſir the party, chould not be very glad.
Baily. ¶Yea but we muſt nedes heare it, & therfore ſay it boldly.
Gāmer ¶Such one as told the tale, full ſoberly and coldly,
Euen he that loked on, wil ſweare on a booke:
What time this drunken goſſip, my faire long neele vp tooke
Diccon (maſter) the Bedlam, cham very ſure ye know him.
Bailie. ¶A falſe knaue by Gods pitie, ye were but a foole to trow him,
I durſt auenture wel the price of my beſt cap,
That when the end is knowen, all wil turne to a iape,
Tolde he not you that beſides, ſhe ſtole your Cocke that tyde?
Gāmer ¶No maſter no indede, for then he ſhuld haue lyed,
My cocke is I thanke Chriſt, ſafe and wel a fine.
Chat. ¶Yea but that ragged colt, that whore that tyb of thine
Said plainly thy cocke was ſtolne, & in my houſe was eaten,
That lying cut is loſt, that ſhe is not ſwinged and beaten,
And yet for al my good name, it were a ſmall amendes
I picke not this geare (hearſt thou) out of my fingers endes
But he that hard it told me, who thou of late didſt name
Diccon whom al men knowes, it was the very ſame.
Baily. ¶This is the caſe, you loſt your nedle about the dores
And ſhe anſweres againe, ſhe haſe no cocke of yours,
Thus in you talke and Action, from that you do intend,
She is whole fiue mile wide, from that ſhe doth defend:
Will you ſaie ſhe hath your Cocke?
Gāmer ¶No mery ſir that chil not,
Bayly. ¶Will you confeſſe hir neele?
Chat. ¶Will I no ſir will I not.
Bayly. ¶Then there lieth all the matter.
Gāmer ¶Soft maſter by the way,
Ye know ſhe could do litle, and ſhe cold not ſay nay.
Bayly. ¶Yea but he that made one lie about your Cock ſtealing,
Wil not ſticke to make another, what time lies be in dealing
I weene the ende wil proue, this brawle did firſt ariſe,

Upon no other ground, but only Diccons lyes.
Chat. ¶ Though ſome be lyes as you belike haue eſpyed them.
Yet other ſome be true, by pꝛoof I haue wel tryed them.
Bayly. ¶ What other thing beſide this dame Chat.
Chat. ¶ Mary ſyꝛ euen this,
The tale I tolde befoꝛe, the ſelfe ſame tale it was his,
He gaue me like a frende, warning againſt my loſſe,
Els had my hens be ſtolne, eche one, by Gods croſſe:
He tolde me Hodge wold come, and in he came indeede,
But as the matter chaunſed, with greater haſt then ſpeede,
This truth was ſaid, and true was found, as truly I repoꝛt.
Bayly. ¶ If Doctoꝛ Rat be not deceiued, it was o' another ſoꝛt.
D. Rat. ¶ By Gods mother thou and he, be a cople of ſuttle foxes,
Betweene you and Hodge, I beare away the boxes,
Did not diccō apoynt the place, wher yͧ ſhuldſt ſtād to mete him.
Chat. ¶ Yes by the maſſe, & if he came, bad me not ſticke to ſpeet hym.
D. Rat ¶ Gods ſacrament the villain knaue hath dꝛeſt vs round about,
He is the cauſe of all this bꝛawle, that dyꝛty ſhitten loute:
When gammer gurton here complained, & made a ruful mone
I heard him ſweare yͭ you had gotten, hir nedle that was gone,
And this to try he furder ſaid, he was ful loth how be it
He was content with ſmall adoe, to bꝛing me where to ſee it.
And where ye ſat, he ſaid ful certain, if I wold folow his read
Into your houſe a pꝛiuy way, he wold me guide and leade,
And where ye had it in your hands, ſewing about a clowte,
And ſet me in the backe hole, therby to finde you out:
And whiles I ſought a quietnes, creping vpon my knees,
I found the weight of your doꝛe bar, foꝛ my reward and fees,
Such is the lucke that ſome men gets, while they begin to mel
In ſetting at one ſuch as were out, minding to make al wel.
Hodge ¶ Was not wel bleſt gāmer, to ſcape yͭ ſcoure. & chad ben there
Thē chad ben dꝛeſt be like, as ill by the maſſe, as gaffar vicar.
Bayly. ¶ Mary ſir, here is a ſpoꝛt alone, I loked foꝛ ſuch an end
If diccon had not playd the knaue, this had ben ſone amend
My gammer here he made a foole, and dꝛeſt hir as ſhe was
And goodwife Chat he ſet to ſcole, till both partes cried alas,
And D. Rat was not behind, whiles Chat his crown did pare,
I wold the knaue had bē ſtarke blind, if Hodg had not his ſhare.
Hodge ¶ Cham meetly wel ſped alredy amongs, cham dꝛeſt like a coult

And chad not had the better wit, chad bene made a doult.
Bayly. ¶ Sir knaue make haſt diccon were here, fetch him where euer
Chat. ¶ Fie on the villaine, fie, fie, ẏ makes vs thus agree, (he bee
Gãmer ¶ Fie on him knaue, with al my hart, now fie, and fie againe.
D. Rat. ¶ Now fie on him may I beſt ſay, whom he hath almoſt ſlaine.
Bayly. ¶ Lo where he commeth at hand, belike he was not fare
Diccon heare be two or three, thy company can not ſpare.
Diccon ¶ God bleſſe you, and you may be bleſt ſo many al at once
Chat. ¶ Come knaue, it were a good deed to geld the by cockes bones
Seeſt not thy handiwarke? ſir Rat can ye forbeare him?
Diccon ¶ A vẽgeance on thoſe hands lite, for my hãds cam not nere hym
The horſen prieſt hath lift the pot, in ſome of theſe alewyues
That his head wolde not ſerue him, belyke (chayres
to come downe the ſtayres.
Baily. ¶ Nay ſoft, thou maiſt not play ẏ knaue, & haue this language to
If thou thy tong bridle a while, the better maiſt thou do,
Confeſſe the truth as I ſhall aſke, and ceaſe a while to fable.
And for thy fault I promiſe the, thy handling ſhalbe reaſonable
Haſt thou not made a lie or two, to ſet theſe two by the eares?
Diccon ¶ What if I haue? fiue hundred ſuch
haue I ſeene within theſe ſeuen yeares:
I am ſory for nothing elſe but that I ſee not the ſport
Which was betwene them whẽ they met, as they thẽ ſelues re-
Bayly. ¶ The greateſt thing maſter rat, ye ſe how he is dreſt. (port
Diccon. ¶ What deuil nede he be groping ſo depe, in goodwife Chats hẽs
Bayly. ¶ Yea but it was thy drift to bring him into ẏ briars. (neſt
Diccon. ¶ Gods bread, hath not ſuch an old foole, wit to ſaue his eares?
He ſhoweth himſelfe herein ye ſee, ſo very a coxe,
The Cat was not ſo madly alured by the Foxe,
To run into the ſnares, was ſet for him doubtleſſe,
For he leapt in for myce, and this ſir John for madnes.
D. Rat. ¶ Well and ye ſhift no better, ye loſel, lyther, and laſye,
I will go neare for this, to make ye leape at a Daſye.
In the kings name maſter Bayly, I charge you ſet him faſt.
Diccon ¶ What faſt at cardes, or faſt on ſlepe? it is the thing I did laſt.
D. Rat. ¶ Nay faſt in fetters falſe varlet, according to thy deedes.
Bayly. ¶ Maſter doctor ther is no remedy, I muſt intreat you needes
Some other kinde of puniſhment,
D. Rat. ¶ Nay by all Halowes.

His puniſhmēt if I may iudg, ſhalbe naught els but the gallous.
Bayly. ¶ That were to ſore, a ſpiritual man to be ſo extreame.
D. Rat. ¶ Is he worthy any better, ſir how do ye iudge and deame?
Bayly. ¶ I graunt him worthie puniſhment, but in no wiſe ſo great.
Gāmer ¶ It is a ſhame ich tel you plaine, for ſuch falſe knaues intreat
He has almoſt vndone vs al, that is as true as ſteele:
And yet for al this great a do' cham neuer the nere my neele.
Bayly. ¶ Canſt ȳ not ſay any thing to that diccon, with leaſt or moſt?
Diccon ¶ Yea mary ſir, thus much I can ſay wel, the nedle is loſt.
Bayly. ¶ Nay canſt not thou tel which way, that nedle may be found
Diccon ¶ No by my fay ſir, though I might haue an hundred pound.
Hodge ¶ Thou lier lickdiſh, didſt not ſay the neele wold be gitten?
Diccon ¶ No hodge, by the ſame token, you where that time beſhitten?
For feare of Hobgobling, you wot wel what I meane,
As long as it is ſence, I feare me yet ye be ſcarce cleane.
Bayly. ¶ Wel maſter rat, you muſt both learne, & teach vs to forgeue
Since Diccon hath confeſſion made, & is ſo cleane ſhreue,
If ye to me conſent, to amend this heauie chaunce,
I wil inioyne him here, ſome open kind of penaunce:
Of this condition, where ye know my fee is twenty pence
For the bloodſhed, I am agreed with you here to diſpence,
Ye ſhal go quite, ſo that ye graunt, the matter now to run,
To end with mirth emong vs al, euen as it was begun.
Chat. ¶ Say yea maſter vicar, & he ſhal ſure confes to be your detter
And al we that be heare preſent, wil loue you much the better
D. Rat. ¶ My part is the worſt, but ſince you al here on agree.
Go euen to maſter Bayly, let it be ſo for mee.
Bayly. ¶ How saieſt thou diccon, art content this ſhal on me depend
Diccon ¶ Go to M. Bayly ſay on your mind, I know ye are my frende
Bayly. ¶ Then marke ye wel, to recompence this thy former action
Becauſe thou haſt offended al, to make them ſatiſfaction,
Before their faces, here kneele downe, & as I ſhal the teach.
For thou ſhalt take an othe, of hodges leather breache
Firſt for maſter Doctor, vpon paine of his curſſe,
Where he wil pay for al, thou neuer draw thy purſſe.
And when ye meete at one pot, he ſhall haue the firſt pull,
And thou ſhalt neuer offer him the cup, but it be full.
To goodwife chat thou ſhalt be ſworne, euen on the ſame wyſe
If ſhe refuſe thy money once, neuer to offer it twiſe.

Thou ſhalt be bound by the ſame here, as thou doſt take it
When thou maiſt drinke of free coſt, thou neuer forſake it:
For gammer gurtons ſake, againe ſworne ſhalt thou bee
To helpe hir to hir nedle againe if it do lie in thee
And likewiſe be bound: by the vertue of that
To be of good abering to Gib hir great Cat:
Laſt of al for Hodge, the othe to ſcanne,
Thou ſhalt neuer take him, for fine gentleman.
Hodge ¶ Come on fellow Diccon chalbe euen with thee now.
Bayly ¶ Thou wilt not ſticke to do this Diccon I trow.
Diccon ¶ No by my fathers ſkin, my hand downe I lay it?
Looke as I haue promiſed, I will not denay it,
But Hodge take good heede now, thou do not beſhite me.
And gaue him a good blow on the buttocke.
Hodge ¶ Gogs hart thou falſe villaine doſt thou bite mee?
Bayly ¶ What Hodge doth he hurt the or euer he begin.
Hodge ¶ He thruſt me into the buttocke, with a bodkin or a pin,
I ſaie Gammer, Gammer?
Gāmer ¶ How now Hodge, how now:
Hodge ¶ Gods malt Gammer gurton.
Gāmer ¶ Thou art mad ich trow.
Hodge ¶ Will you ſee the deuil Gammer.
Gāmer ¶ The deuil ſonne, god bleſſe vs.
Hodge ¶ Chould iche were hanged Gammer.
Gāmer ¶ Mary ſe ye might dreſſe vs.
Hodge ¶ Chaue it by the maſſe Gammer
Gāmer ¶ What not my neele Hodge?
Hodge ¶ Your Neele Gammer, your neele.
Gāmer ¶ No fie, doſt but dodge.
Hodge ¶ Cha found your neele Gammer, here in my hand be it.
Gāmer ¶ For al the loues on earth Hodge, let me ſee it.
Hodge ¶ Soft Gammer.
Gāmer ¶ Good Hodge.
Hodge ¶ Soft ich ſay, tarie a while.
Gāmer ¶ Nay ſweete Hodge ſay truth, and do not me begile.
Hodge ¶ Cham ſure on it ich warrant you: it goes no more a ſtray
Gāmer ¶ Hodge when I ſpeake ſo faire: wilt ſtil ſay me nay:
Hodge ¶ Go neare the light gammer this wel in faith good lucke:
Chwas almoſt vndone: twas ſo far in my buttocke

Gāmer ¶ Tis min owne deare neele Hodge, ſykerly I wot
Hodge ¶ Cham I not a good ſonne gammer, cham I not,
Gāmer ¶ Chriſts bleſſing light on thee, haſt made me for euer
Hodge ¶ Ich knew that ich muſt finde it, els choud a had it neuer
Chat. ¶ By my troth Goſsyp gurton, I am euen as glad
As though I mine owne ſelfe as good a turne had:
Bayly. ¶ And I by my concience, to ſee it ſo come forth,
Reioyce ſo much at it, as three nedles be worth.
D. Rat. ¶ I am no whit ſory to ſee you ſo reioyce.
Diccon ¶ Nor I much the gladder for al this noyce:
Yet ſay gramercy Diccon, for ſpringing of the game.
Gāmer ¶ Gramercy Diccon twenty times, o how glad cham,
If that chould do ſo much, your maſterdome to come hether,
Maſter Rat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon together:
Cha but one halfpeny, as far as iche know it,
And chil not reſt this night, till ich beſtow it.
If euer ye loue me, let vs go in and drinke.
Bayly. ¶ I am content if the reſt thinke as I thinke:
Maſter Rat it ſhalbe beſt for you if we ſo doo,
Then ſhall you warme you and dreſſe your ſelf too.
Diccon ¶ Soft ſyrs, take vs with you, the company ſhalbe the more,
As proude coms behinde they ſay, as any goes before,
But now my good maſters ſince we muſt be gone
And leaue you behinde vs, here all alone:
Since at our laſt ending, thus mery we bee,
For Gammer Gurtons nedle ſake, let vs haue a plaudytie.

Finis, Gurton. Peruſed and alowed, &c.

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